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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

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NO. 4

Concerning

If Mr. J. S. Dickey were a scout for some Major League baseball club instead of just a Business College President, it's a cinched proposition that Cobb and Johnson would have to pro rata out some of their well-earned glory—which is to say that he would dig up some classy, starry material. That is his strong point—digging up and ferreting out choice material. As a matter of fact, Prof. Dickey would experience some difficulty in making distinction between the base hits of the players and the bass obligatas of the infuriated fans; but give him ten days to learn the fine points of the game, then send him out with instructions to lasso and lead in some swell finds, and take your seat on the front steps of your club house with plenty of blank contracts and a fountain pen handy and wait. They will be coming in directly. That's the advice I would give baseball magnates. Prof. Dickey can detect a diamond beneath a thick veneer of genuine country tan just as easily as I can mix a metaphor. He can, by a casual glance at the graduates of a flag stop high school, tell the many that will be called and the few that will be chosen. An incidental stroll through the aisles of a department store will tip off to his acute prescience the clerks that later on will be sent to represent the firm in gay Paree. He can sense potential stenographic expertness among a bunch of grocery hangers-on two blocks away. But this isn't an attempt to evolve any sort of character diagno-

sis about Prof. Dickey. He's of subsidiary significance as far as the intent and purpose of this article goes; a means to an end, as it were. Several years ago, this same non-haired Professor (note the use of the adjective. It is entirely new and is destined to supplant the *de trop non persona grata*. And *rheumatically* "bald headed," which is never laughed at in polite society nowadays. We have learned to venerate the infirm) was Grand Vizier or Rajah or what-



ever the local term of a Normal School at Lexington, Mississippi. There was in the school a slip of a girl toward whom Prof. Dickey's subconsciousness developed a strong leaning. Therefore he knew that she was endowed with a future, so he sat and communed internally with himself as follows: "Mississippi is a pretty fair state, but oh, you Dark and Bloody Ground. It permeates through my cognizance that according to her natural prerogatives and entitlements Ken-

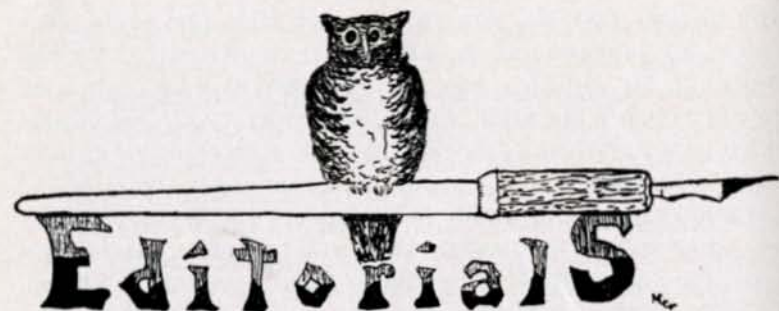
tucky is the native heath of the best in everything. So I'll set about to get Mattie McLean up there where she will be congenial." No sooner said than begun. He told her about the Southern Normal School whereat many young people grew mentally intellectual, where Congressmen held caucuses at midnight in the dark of the moon with four-ply masks on to determine the most expeditious method whereby to maim, slaughter or otherwise put out of business the opponents of the Anti-Chewing Gum bill. These pleas struck home, but she hesitated long enough to teach a while in the Lexington graded schools. This seems to have been in compliance with that law of the destiny which applied in the shaping of her career. It gave her a perspective of school work, a sympathy with the fancies and foibles, the sacrifice and stint, the glory and grandeur of a teacher's life. It prepared her for service. Meanwhile she was hammering into shape an assortment of impromptu chapel speeches and rehearsing recipes of viands seasonable for Chestnut Hunt dinners, or boat excursion lunches. You see, she wanted to start in naturalized.

Well, in September, 1902, Miss McLean came. During her stay, President Cherry saw, and by the time she had graduated, he was conquered, being somewhat gifted as an interpreter of the law of predestination, himself. He offered her the position of Private Secretary in his office. She accepted the offer, and is still on the job. Now, the position of "Secretary to the President" is a vaster undertaking than the title suggests. It involves an outlay of diplomacy that would do credit to a Tallyrand; in firmness, Stonewall Jackson is the available example; in patience, a certain biblical character. Then her insight into human nature must be about what one would reasonably expect from an eminent psychologist who has had successful experience selling life insurance. In addition to this, she must be a clairvoyant and an expert stenographer. Now, all these elements are so blended in Miss McLean that Nature could stand up and say to all the world, "This is a Secretary to the President." If

you haven't done so, you should visit Miss McLean's office some day and see her in action. It is educative. "Good morning, Mr. Smith. Yes, the President will be quite glad to see you. Walk right in. Miss Brown, your references have gone forward. I am sure you'll be elected. You have been out of school a few days, Mr. Jones. Ah, the measles! I wouldn't mind, everybody has them—or it. Well, it's really too bad for your landlady to treat you that way, Miss Simpkins, too bad, indeed. The matter shall have our attention. No, Mr. Perlmutter, your company was misinformed. The Normal School is not on the market for a gold brick. * * * Now, Miss Writem, we'll take up that correspondence"—and "*that correspondence*." If variety is the flavoring of life, then those who assist Presidents with correspondence must lead a highly spiked existence. From the standpoint of variety, a bunch of cayenne tied with slippery elm bark would be about right as their professional flower. Mr. A. writes to know if by spending ten weeks in the Normal he would be enabled to get a job in Honolulu. Mr. B. would like to get a workless job to help him through school. Miss C. wishes to engage a room, second floor, front, southern exposure, furnished in Early English on a quiet, high-browed street. Would the Normal please arrange same and oblige. Also, there are hundreds of nice, sensible letters whose contents deserve and receive serious consideration.

Miss McLean is an ideal Secretary to the President. She is an artist in the technique of her work, but her greatest greatness lies not there, but in the fact that she sympathizes with those who visit her office. She encourages here, creates an ambition there, resurrects a hope yonder. Such work is the expression of true nobility of soul.

Her office is filled with the atmosphere of good-fellowship and hard work. Crowds gather at times, but they are always handled with system and despatch. There is never any confusion or any tumult, for Miss McLean is the Tumulty on the job.



(Here is the Kit-Kat issue of THE ELEVATOR. With the exception of the articles "Concerning" and "Training School News," it is entirely the product of the Sophomore Class. We are indeed proud of this issue. Read every article, because there is not a bad one in here.—ED.)

KIT-KATS, PAST AND PRESENT.

The Sophomore Class, of the Western Kentucky State Normal School has, for four years, met each Friday afternoon, under the supervision of Miss Reid. This class, known as the Kit-Kat Klub, has each year contained many enthusiastic, loyal members, and it is notable that this loyalty lasts through the Junior year, and continues to the close of the dignified Senior's graduation. Since one of the practices of this class is to give credit where credit is due, it becomes a pleasure to express an appreciation of several of the Past Members, who, having moved forward, are continuing a record well begun. Mr. W. L. Matthews, the first student to attract the attention of the public to the fact that the Kit-Kats are to be reckoned with in contests and things, won, by his enthusiastic delivery and force of conviction, the medal at the Annual Oratorical Contest. From that time on, Mr. Matthews has been winning recognition. As Editor of THE ELEVATOR he is one of whom we are proud, to whom we are loyal, and about whom we are enthusiastic. As a member of the Senior Class, we expect much of him. Two

years ago, the Kit-Kat Klub was asked to get out the February issue of THE ELEVATOR,—a task it seemed, but also an opportunity. Mr. J. S. Brown, he of the indomitable will, said it could be done, and it was,—with Mr. Brown as manager. His fine discrimination enabled him to select and reject material; his keen sense of fairness caused him to give all a chance "to get into print," and his popularity with his class enabled him to get out a creditable paper with an enthusiastic support. Mr. Brown is now one of the leaders of the Junior Class. Last year, the same generous offer was made, and the Kit-Kat Klub became responsible for the success of the February number of THE ELEVATOR. As was natural, the eyes of all turned to Mr. Clardy Moore as their leader. It is no trouble for Mr. Moore to lead,—he was born a leader, and has lost no opportunity to develop that God-given asset, which enables him to see a situation—and become master of it; to hear something good, and make it part of himself; to feel ambition's thrill,—and keep his face turned ever toward an ideal. The February issue of THE ELEVATOR, 1913, was a success. Mr. Moore is a Senior this year—though he is the Find of the Kit-Kat Klub—for 'twas there he found himself. To the scores of others who have helped to build for us our character for work, our reputation for enthusiasm and loyalty, we express that silent appreciation that is felt and understood. At present the class, nearly one hundred strong, is doing a characteristic work—a work which will prepare each member to take charge of his school, when the time comes, with a knowledge of the school problems of Kentucky and their suggested solutions; for the function of the School Fair, the Social Center, the Corn and Tomato Clubs, the County Institute, the District Association, the Kentucky Educational Association,—the functions of all of these agencies for advancement, have been discussed and worked out. The Kit-Kat Klub is not afraid of work.

WORK WITHOUT SHIRK.

When the Kit-Kat Klub organized for the year 1913-14, among the many committees appointed was one for a motto. This committee did not seek elegance of expression, or grandeur of thought. They desired only a motto which would unify the society and give it a standard of loyalty, enthusiasm and perfection. "Work without shirk" was unanimously selected as our motto for 1913-14.

—oOo—

LOYALTY AND ENTHUSIASM.

For a student to succeed in the Normal he must be loyal and enthusiastic. By loyalty we mean that he must look for the best and not for the worst, but should he find the bad he must lend his influence toward making it better. He must speak words of praise rather than words of criticism. When we say enthusiastic, do not infer that he must be excitable, but that he must be quiet and self-controlled, and yet filled with that spirit that says, "Do things."

Possibly there are new students who have not yet acquired this spirit, or perhaps there are some that are not new who feel their loyalty and enthusiasm waning. Of you we would ask, Did you know that there is a source, a fountainhead for this loyalty and enthusiasm? If you are really interested and want to investigate, meet with the Kit-Kats sometime. For it has been rumored (by members of other classes) that the Kit-Kats are in close touch with this source and diffuse this spirit throughout the school.

—oOo—

DIARY OF MR. BERT SMITH.

December 20, 1913. It seems "kindly queer" to me to write down the junk I think about. One of the Juniors said he was going to put something funny in his "Diary," so as I was a Senior, I decided to correct him. I said, "My boy, you mean 'dairy.'" The way that chap laughed made me

think I had said something smart, and still thought it, till I got behind the stacks in the library and took out my vest-pocket dictionary.

December 21. What I wrote yesterday sounds all right. It has such a neat swing. That's the way with most of my writing, but few people in this commercial age appreciate it. I believe I'll like to write a diary. I went to see my girl this evening. I "sortie think" she likes me—one couldn't blame her, though.

December 22. I know J. Walter Compton told Prof. Stickles that I had not studied my lesson. I bet three cents and two mills that I get even with him. I made a beautiful bluff, but how, in the name of common sense, did I know that Henry Clay did not introduce the McKinley Bill!

December 23. I must do my Christmas shopping. I wonder what a girl would appreciate? W. L. Matthews said that he intended to get his girl an ivy manicured set, Lafe Sheffer's going to buy a lavillier (or something of the kind).

December 24. I bet my girl will be tickled with her present. I know she likes music, so I got her the prettiest little red and yellow hand organ. Must get my suit case packed to go home.

December 25. All the folks were awful glad to see me. They think I am "some pumpkin" now since I am a Senior at the State Normal School. Pshaw! I have them skinned about as much as the teachers over there—just a little bluff and you have things going your way. Wouldn't Miss Reid have a fit if she should see this slang, and wouldn't, now just wouldn't Prof. Stickles die over my talk of bluff!

December 26. I forgot to say yesterday that I had been eating. I went hunting this afternoon, but didn't shoot *nothing* but one of ma's guineas. I burried it and decided that I was quite a genius along that line, and I still thought it till that good-for-nothing dog came carrying it in. I ate more to-day.

December 27. Went to a party this evening and was, in fact, the belle of the ball. (I saw that in a novel one time, so I guess it's all right.) I was the most attractive fellow there, because of my wonderful personality and graceful movements. I tripped once, and they thought that was a new step and in less than ten minutes everyone there could do the "step" beautifully. I ate some more to-day.

December 28. I went with a crowd to the pond this afternoon to skate a while. Thought I would do a stunt, so I glided swiftly over the pond towards a stump that was projecting through the ice. I did the figure eight nicely and took a seat—yes, much of a seat—for that blamed stump had a water foundation; so I subsided into the coldest liquid south of the Frigid Zone. I ate some more to-day.

December 29. I received a letter from my girl. I just knew she would be tickled about her present. I ate some more to-day.

December 30. I think, while I am out here at the heart of Nature, that I shall write some poetry. I believe I am inspired. Wouldn't it be grand to be the father of Calloway County Literature! I ate some more to-day.

December 31. I sat on a log which was slowly returning to the dust from which it sprang (now, in fact, it was almost too rotten to hold me up, but that isn't the poetic way to put it), and for three hours admired the majestic hills as they stood in perpetual silence, while the sun tumbled over below the horizon, leaving the dreamy atmosphere faintly glowing with its touch. It was then that the inspiration seized me and I wrote:

The world is slowly rolling
In wonderful space;
When shall I go strolling
And see Her blushing face?

I love to live near Nature,
To view her lovely grace;
But when shall I cross the pasture
To see Her smiling face?

I intend to send this to the *Herald* to-morrow.

January 1. I made some New Year's resolutions—great ones. Before I made them I said what I thought about that Mutt that ushered the New Year in at 12 o'clock with a dozen bells and half a dozen dogs. I am going back to the Normal to-day.

January 2. I heard from my poem. *Herald* didn't need it. I'll send it to the *Louisville Times* to-morrow.



Out in the cold.

PART I.

On February the 14th, 1913—the year of hoodoos and things, Cupid feeling rather frisky on this day of days, danced up to a student of rather grave and haughty mien, but who wore a semi-serious smile to disarm any who might think her formidable, of their intention to take her as entirely fledged in the Votes-for-Women ranks. She was only a Junior, then, but clothed in the usual I-am-more-or-less-important air that so becomingly fits a Junior; she deigned to sing a little ditty unto Dan Cupid, which sent him on his pilgrimage with no arrow spent in vain. And, in the rich and glowing autumn of the following year, this almost-initiated one faced her Senior year, and openly vowed she *was*, and almost always had been for Woman's Suffrage, which confession was enough to label her as a man-hater, an intellectual woman, and a suffragette. The young men urged some other fellow to go to the Literary Society with her. When the Senior girls pulled off a clever little stunt they called A Play, she by manner, word and accent prophesied a second rejection of the little love god—should he approach her, which he didn't. She graduated with honors.



The tide has turned.

PART II.

On February the 14th, 1923—the year of skidoos and things, Cupid, sheltered in the warmth which radiates from a man who feels grateful for a narrow escape, looked out upon the passing throng, and failed to recognize his one-time near victim, who, with slow and measured step, lagged behind the we-are-gaining-ground parade of women who wished to interview the President at the Capitol that day. Ten years are long enough to build and destroy a nation; long enough to decide the fate of a poet; long enough to add lines of care and fatigue to the face of a woman who has diligently and persistently followed the chimera of the sacrifice-all-for-my-rights career. And,—the Senior of 1914 lost step, lagged behind, looked at Cupid with an I-wish-opportunity-knocked-twice expression, and then turned and skidoood, lest Cupid might arouse, with an I-told-you-so nudge, the man who had a narrow escape, in 1913—the year when the Junior smiled, and sang a ditty, and sent Cupid on his way. The next year—she graduated with honors.

Composite Picture of the Faculty

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our faculty, as morning after morning they line up in view! To study the characteristic pose of each, to watch the expression of approval or disapproval, to note the manifest traits of all,—these things enable the student-body to feel the pulse of the faculty, and act in harmony with it; to deduce the wishes of the faculty and make the desired application of them; to get a mental picture of the faculty and create an ideal of it. Silently, one by one, they enter chapel, morning after morning.

Almost as soon as Mr. Cherry appears in the door, a stimulating influence is felt by all. The noise usually subsides, not only because he wishes it, but for the reason that each student is aware that that unseen, indescribable "other thing" of which he so often speaks, is among them.

Everyone knows that Prof. Alexander's hobby is character study. And as he sits quietly in his accustomed place, the expression of his face almost tells the mathematical precision with which he is judging many of the characters before him.

Smiling with ease and satisfaction sits Mr. Green. No one better enjoys a new joke which occasionally wings its way to this assembly, is keener to note the good flights of oratory, or quicker to recognize a strong point to be used in his class, more than this man. But to tell all he sees, feels, and hears, would cause the sudden shock that would inevitably result, should Mrs. Pankhurst receive a cordial welcome by all the nations of the world!

Almost in the center of the group is Miss Reid's place. She is usually on time and amuses herself until the opening song by talking to a neighbor, or toying with a song book, or, perhaps she bestows a look of encouragement upon some weary student. As the speaker of the morning begins his discourse her trained senses soon enable her to know if he really is "Indeed glad to be there;" but when a weak-

voiced orator is speaking and to hear is impossible, weariness stamps itself all over her face.

Not so with Prof. Strahm. Whether pleased or displeased, whether he can hear or not, he sits calmly twirling his thumbs. Not even the strains of the Normal March are as familiar to the student-body as that rotary motion of those well-trained thumbs.

Mr. Stickles lends his entire sympathy to the speaker until the clock across the hall announces time to adjourn. Then, as the minutes drag slowly by and he thinks of his class, which should already be assembled in Room 5, not even the proverbial "worm in hot ashes" could ever become more disgusted with its surroundings.

As one watches Prof. Leiper sitting in the rear, arms folded, knees crossed and a half ironical smile covering his face, they recall the little story of the time this man was making inquiries concerning an old school-mate and said, "Is he as egotistical as ever?" Straightway answered the other, "That is exactly what he asked about you!"

Carefully Miss Ragland makes a survey of the students, noting the ones who write notes or whisper "Blessed is he who cometh to chapel, but woe unto him who transgresseth therein."

Mr. Turner often refers to his watch, and as his eyes wander from the dial to the inside of the face, we know that he is practicing his adage: "There should be times when we allow our thoughts to turn into some channel that requires no effort, that channel which is purely for pleasure." And, as the little watch ticks, so run his thoughts down their well-worn pleasure route.

Usually the last to come in is Mr. Craig. Visitors may wonder why lounging chairs are not provided for all the members of the faculty; but the students understand the situation and position. Former students who have witnessed it, say the effect of the whole is one of stiffness and rigidity when this thoroughly unconventional member poses in an erect position.

With a certain chair in the front row we always associate Dr. Kinnaman. With Dr. Kinnaman we associate a handfull of announcements and calls for the green carpet; with the green carpet we associate all that is good or bad in a Normal School.

Miss Wood's sweet, womanly dignity is apparent in both her face and the quiet manner in which she walks to her place among her co-workers.

Miss Scott in her fresh, dainty attire, impresses one as being the lovable woman she is.

By her side is Miss Vanhouten, whose jolly, good-natured smile is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Next in this row is Miss Acker. She has said that the perplexing problems which cause the outside world to groan and worry are not annoying her, as long as the basketball girls are happily and eagerly awaiting their next game.

Miss Frazee under all conditions seems cheerful and interested in everything around her.

Misses McLean and Dulaney, feeling no responsibility for the success or failure of the hour, enjoy a state of rest and relaxation.

Misses Rodes and Surmann and Mrs. Crume's influence is felt whenever they are allowed to express their musical souls to their fortunate hearers.

Mr. Ford has chosen a seat in the back row, but he has only to lean forward and tilt his head to one side to see and hear all that takes place.

Another one who helps form the background is Prof. Clagett. By his serene expression and sympathetic attitude to all around him, we remember the talk on "Peace" which he gave us, and feel he is really a part of the passage which he read, "Peace I bring you, peace I leave with you."

And when the student leaves the school, to go out into that vast, intangible space—The Field, he carries with him a composite picture, from which in moments of tensity when he must take the initiative, that "other thing" enables him to act; at times when "to know men" is to master the situa-

tion, he remembers that "two plus two equals four"; when his own weakness appals him, he remembers the art of appropriating all good things which come unto him, thus increasing his own efficiency; when surrounded by the sights and sound of the world and confused by the muchness of it all, he recalls his lessons in tolerance for the poor and appreciation for the good,—and his power of discrimination is increased; when taking life too seriously, he remembers the placid effect of some dissenting amusement, and begins to grow calmer; when tempted to linger after duty has called, in fancy he hears a clock striking the hour—and he goes; when self-depreciation causes too much introspection for happiness, he encourages himself with the doctrine of the ego; when about to become less vigilant than a teacher should be, he feels once more the vigilant eye of critical appreciation—or disapprobation, upon him, and he falls in line, catches step, and moves onward; when weariness of soul and fatigue of body make him wonder if it is worth while, he glances at some pleasing picture, and his thoughts are diverted into some more pleasing channel; when overwhelmed with doing things by rote, he eases up, lounges a little, and finds things better than they seemed; when conscience pricks, he calls himself to account, and a little, understanding talk straightens things out; when a little learning becomes a dangerous thing, and seeing sights doth puff him up, he thinks of the quiet manner and gracious air of one who has traveled widely, and he hopes to become like unto her; when jaded, cross and tired, he dons his best attire, "catches a contagious smile," takes a turn in the gymnasium, voices the music in his soul, listens for something good, and, soon "peace" is his.

From the picture of the faculty he has drawn inspiration and comfort.

The Spirit of Ambition

Somewhere in some hidden spot on Normal Heights dwells the Spirit of Ambition. Hidden, I would say, for though one cannot enter chapel or even a class-room without feeling his influence, yet he is never seen. But has no one ever seen him? Yes.

It is on one of those dark, cloudy days, so characteristic of the beginning of 1914, that a class is assembled in Room "H." All talking has ceased, and work is about to begin, when the door opens and an extraordinary being enters. Who can it be that comes on such a gloomy day? Surely it is the Spirit of Discouragement or Despondency. But stop; you are forgetting that it is a class in the Western Normal, so it can be none other than the Spirit of Ambition. He is recognized at once by all, for how could they fail to know that unselfish yet rousing Spirit whose influence they have felt since the moment they entered his domain.

"Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not, for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest." With this advice he begins his work placing before their eyes a large screen, upon which he throws the magic light of his presence, the room having already been darkened by the cloud curtains without. The light is reflected on each face, revealing the intense interest and curiosity expressed there as they gaze in rapt wonder upon the apparition. A shadow plays upon the canvas, then a picture appears of an ideal district. What a beautiful stretch of country it is with its wide graveled road, leading here and there, past rolling fields green with their flourishing crops, past modern farm buildings and comfortable homes till they meet and enclose the spacious schoolgrounds. In the center, surrounded by shade trees, stands a consolidated school building. The walks are gay with many hues from the flower beds that adorn them, in which happy-faced children are busily engaged. No room is found in this scene so alive with new life, for ignorance and immorality. Each

boy bears the motto "Back to the Farm" to improve the native soil. A solemn, serious look steals over Mr. Hudson's face as he recognizes himself standing upon the summit of one of the highest hills, viewing the work his own hands have wrought in his home county. Can he ever accomplish this—the object of his dreams? Yes, for has he not an example, in the honored president of the institution, of one who *does* what he desires to do?

The scene vanishes and a series of pictures are shown, each representing some difficult task well accomplished. The last of these is the closing of a successful day. Night falls and the star of hope shines forth, casting its crystalline light upon a sign bearing this inscription, "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose." Below it stand Miss Mason and Miss Grey gazing upon the shining letters. Slowly it disappears and with eyes that seem to have caught and reflected the very rays from that star, each looks at the other, for it is as though they see their cherished hopes realized this day.

Now, the scene changes and the class bend eagerly forward to see the cause of so much excitement. Men and boys seem to be pressing and crowding one another to obtain a paper, as an extra is held high by the newsboy, and they read the words in bold headlines, "The Athletic Championship of America Has Been Won by ———," but ere the class can read the name the scene grows dim. Roused to the highest pitch, one from among them rises, and so inspirited is he that it seems he fain would follow the vanishing picture. Moments seem hours as he waits in breathless suspense till lo! he sees a spacious banquet hall; then as he scarcely dared to hope, Mr. D. Y. Dunn sees himself appear and be presented with the silver cup won in the contest for America's Championship. As it dawns upon the class who the great athlete really is, they break forth with enthusiastic applause.

Scarcely has the sound of cheering died away before they are introduced to a social gathering. Within a large, bril-

liantly lighted room are many beautiful women and well-dressed men. All seem eagerly listening and waiting for some event. The scene changes a little. Now the light is centered upon a distinguished speaker who appears to be entertaining the audience. His popularity is clearly shown by the enthusiasm of his hearers, and all turn to look at Mr. R. H. Matthews, who has unconsciously arisen, the thrill of the occasion having filled his very soul, for he knows the speaker to be himself.

Dimmer grows the light on the canvas till one bright spot appears which grows continually brighter. From it the ruddy blaze of a fire seems to leap. Softly its light dances about the room till from out the shadows it falls upon a woman's face revealing a sweet, yet solemn expression as she gazes back into the bed of glowing coals. Now the room is lighted up and the flickering shadows seem chasing each other across the ceiling. How charming is the picture! Everything about the room shows the touch of a hand well fitted to perform its duty. She lays aside her work for a number of people have entered. In the doorway stands a child leaning on a crutch, as though too timid to enter. He looks about for one to love and comfort him; then, reassured by that winning smile, he, too, presses close to share the sympathy and love which like a magnet draws everyone to her side. These her neighbors seem to say:

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our dooryards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her being.
Her highest goal, what noble aim!
To love and to be loving,
To cheer the sick, make glad the lame,
Is woman's highest calling."

Who is this womanly woman? Each one in the class looks about and sees reflected in Miss Miller's face the image of the one that has just vanished.

Quickly the scene changes and more quickly another scene fills its place. "Still sits the schoolhouse by the road," but not as Whittier portrays it, "A ragged beggar sunning," but alive with activity. Groups of bright-faced girls are assembled about its doorway. Now the interior is seen. The room is prettily decorated and across the blackboard in large letters are the words, "The Girls' Tomato Canning Club." The enthusiastic organizer is inspiring the girls with new ideals of domestic life. In a moment's time those who look upon this picture are transferred from the little country schoolhouse to their own Vanmeter Hall. It is the graduation night of the Senior Class. Beautifully the stage is lighted. All are waiting for the class to appear. They are carrying a large snow-white banner, on which these words are worked in green, "To Miss Holloway, the organizer of the Girls' Tomato Canning Club, be all the honor of this occasion. By her enthusiasm was our ambition aroused and by the money earned in the Girls' Club have we been granted the privilege of this education."

A survey is now given of the Wisconsin University. This person who appears to be so conspicuous is one of its star students. Glad is the class to think it is Mr. W. S. Taylor, an old Normal student, but more delighted are they on examining more closely, to see that it is really their own Clifton Taylor, grown into the likeness of his much-admired brother.

There is a minute's interlude, then the beautiful face of a woman appears in all her womanly grace, every line showing strength of character. In her eyes is seen that light which is an inspiration for loftier deeds. A wonderful personality is expressed by that face. Into it Nettie Layman is gazing. Is this a painting of her ideal or has she become so like it that it is only a mirror reflecting her own image? Brr-r-r-brr-r-r-r goes the buzzer and the Spirit with his screen vanishes, leaving only the last painting, which is the teacher of the class and much loved leader of the Kit-Kats.

Fain would they have smothered the sound that the de-

lightful foresight into the future of each member might be given, but in vain,—for all things are done orderly in the Normal School, and each class closes as well as begins on time. However, we shall always regret, not that the buzzer went off at the proper time, but that time didn't pause in its course, for who knows but that a much greater future even than these might have been revealed to us?

As this class go forth they determine to set high their mark. Not only are the aspirations of these heightened, but the ambition of every Kit-Kat is roused and they resolve that this world shall be the better for their having lived in it, that in future years they may indeed be a class of which their Alma Mater shall be proud. We cannot doubt that they will reach their goal, for the Kit-Kat Klub does not *talk* about things, but *does* them.



Front Row (left to right)—Jones, Layman, Bell
Back Row (left to right)—Cabel, (Miss Reid, Coach) Brown, Lacy

ATHLETICS.

The roster of the basketball lineup is as follows:

Senior Girls: Lovelady (forward), Hampsch (forward), Bryant (center), Pennebaker (guard), Davis (guard).

Senior Boys: Davis (forward), Cole (forward), Lutz (center), Smith (guard), Shultz (guard), Strahm (guard).

Junior Girls: Duke (forward), Ford (forward), Cantrell (center), Cole (guard), Oliver (guard), McClusky (guard).

Junior Boys: Bandy (forward), Mitchell (forward), Hooks (center), Vou Casovic (center), Saddler (guard), Brown (guard).

Kit-Kat Girls: Miller (forward), Layman (forward), Lacy (center), Cabell (guard), Brown (guard), Moseley (guard).

Kit-Kat Boys: Carlton (forward), Sears (forward), Owen (center), Elliott (guard), Dunn (guard), Farris (guard).

Non Girls: Rutherford (forward), Carson (forward), Schneider (center), Cole (guard), Cherry (guard), Forsting (guard).

Non Boys: Felix (forward), Stevens (forward), Belew (center), Crafton (guard), Woodrum (guard), Samon (guard).

Excitement held each heart, though strong;
A murmur and a whisper soft
Through all the Training School along,
Because the match was coming off.

Nowhere in all the world is found
The spirit that pervades our school;
So when the first tug came around
No one took matters very cool.

When through the room the whistle screamed,
Our pulses throbbed, our hearts beat quick;
And soon we felt as though we'd dreamed,
The Junior girls had won so slick.

Don't think that they got all the plays;
You should have seen that Senior team.
I never did in all my days,—
But it is much too long a theme.

I have oft heard and now believe,
"That troubles never single come";
But one ought never sit and grieve;
Somewhere the sun is shining some.

The Senior boys did manfully strive
To catch good fortune on the wing,
But in this project did not thrive,
And lost by only one field fling.

The whistle blew, the teams came in;
Our hearts rejoiced, for well we knew
The girls in green were there to win,
That quick strong sense would take them through.

The little Non girls did their best;
'Tis well they did (if I may say).
We backed our team, they did the rest,
And that is how we won the day.

Again the whistle sounded shrill,
Again wide open swung the door,
Again the cheering jarred the hill;
Another team was on the floor.

The Kit-Kat boys the Nons did face
(A team well trained: a team of strength).
A while Dame Fate to us gave grace,
But let the tide turn back at length.

The next game, that our ball girls played,
Was just a little different.
Somehow the ball could not be made
To act what I'd pronounce decent.

Our girls gave glory to the green,
And played (we're proud) a neat, clean game.
You know those Seniors of modest mein
Beat fair, and we love them just the same.

Not twice that day the game we lost;
Our worthy boys' defeat turned back;
The air was stirred too much for frost;
Each now and then it got a whack.

It was the Senior boys that gave
The poor old atmosphere such blows;
And so the atmosphere, so naive,
Just wrecked his vengeance on his foes.



Standing (left to right)—Farris, Owen, Lunn
Kneeling (left to right)—Elliot, Taylor, Sears, Carlton (in front)

If I may here a secret tell,
I'll only whisper in your ear,
Those little Non girls did so well,
They made the Juniors' victory dear.

The Juniors played a sorry game
(At least so it was told to me).
But then that guard, R. C. by name,
Was simply fine as she could be.

The Juniors will not boast their boys,
For what they did that blessed day.
The Nons just walked o'er them like toys,
And won in such a cute, *sweet* way.

THE ELEVATOR.

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They won,—the Nons you understand—
We knew they would, 'cause they beat us,
And so they did the thing up grand;
And no one thought to raise a fuss.

The Senior girls the Non girls met,
We knew that they must surely win,
But then those little Nons, you bet,
Just went to work and played like sin.

We kindly hoped the Nons would hold
The Senior team just once in check;
But soon the story all is told,—
The hope of Non girls it did wreck.

The Non boys felt the time had come
To change the course of these events;
So teaming and by playing *some*
And using good, plain common sense—

They won the game quickly and well;
They always win,—you don't know why?
Because their standard never fell;
They have it ever placed so high.

Once more the Kit-Kat girls ran in
To meet another team of nerve;
Although each heart was crying, "Win!"
They never did in playing swerve.

The green and white forever gleam,
Because for them our girls have played;
They won over the Junior team,
And caused the black and gold to fade.

Our boys could not the fun withstand,
So came along and modest like

"Mopped up" with Juniors, all so grand,
Who did not get much from the fight.

A Senior said a Non reporteth,
That Juniors boasted that they'd win;
But, "Pride before destruction goeth,"
'Tis there so many fall in sin.

"When Greek meets Greek," you know the rest,
We thought of that when once again
The girls in gold and black, quick pressed
To meet the Seniors "man to man."

A meteor shines a moment bright,
And, then is lost in azure blue;
A while, the Juniors saw delight,
And then, they, too, were lost to view.

Behold, a light dawned from the east;
A sunrise bright our hopes did raise.
We feared those Seniors not the least,
But lifted our spirits in praise.

Didn't we beat those Seniors nice?
And 'twas such fun, I've "gotta" say.
They tried so hard, but in the trice
They felt the hoodoo on that day.

The last, the telling game arrived;
The championship would fall to one;
Each team the shock of fear survived,
When once onto the floor had run.

Our team played nobly, straight and clean;
We're proud of it, you know we are,
It did such work—I've never seen—
The Seniors did not beat them far.

The results of their labor is as follows:

January 6—Juniors (girls) 11, Seniors (girls) 10.
January 6—Juniors (boys) 13, Seniors (boys) 11.
January 8—Kit-Kats (girls) 16, Nons (girls) 3.
January 8—Nons (boys) 24, Kit-Kats boys) 3.
January 10—Seniors (girls) 16, Kit-Kats (girls) 13.
January 10—Kit-Kats (boys) 17, Seniors (boys) 8.
January 13—Juniors (girls) 15, Nons (girls) 0.
January 13—Nons (boys) 26, Juniors (boys) 16.
January 15—Seniors (girls) 24, Nons (girls) 2.
January 15—Nons (boys) 20, Seniors (boys) 8.
January 17—Kit-Kats (girls) 14, Juniors (girls) 6.
January 17—Kit-Kats (boys) 9, Juniors (boys) 6.
January 22—Seniors (girls) 8, Juniors (girls) 6.
January 24—Kit-Kats (girls) 23, Seniors (girls) 12.
January 26—Seniors (girls) 9, Kit-Kats (girls) 8.

The games have ended; o'er the hill
Appears another star,
The Championship the Seniors own—
Though all the time that since has flown
Their pleasure we don't mar.

The star grows brighter day by day
(It is the voice contest).
We'll win that star, if needs by force,
Or change the planets in their course—
(That means we'll do our best).



LITERARY.

The Unknown Quantity

Once there was a Junior in the Western Kentucky Normal who was typical. In his early life his eyes were bright, his hair hung in golden curls and the ladies all kissed him and said, "What heavenly blue eyes! he'll be a great and good man some day." When he was a boy he attended the district school in winter and during the summer worked for his father on the farm. Thus his young ideas were taught to shoot, while a fine physique was also in course of construction.

While at school he was in the same class with Minnie, a little hazel-eyed ray of sunshine, and somehow his heart always beat the faster and he felt an uncontrollable awkwardness whenever fate decreed that he should stand next to her in class. Despite his mother's warning:

"To beware, beware of witchery,
And fall not in the snare
That lurks and lies in wanton eyes
And hides in golden hair."

She soon became

"His queen in calico,
He was her bashful barefoot beau."

Many were the strolls taken and many were the crumpled notes passed with such sentiments as:

"Sure as the vine grows round the stump,
You are my darling sugar lump."

Or:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Honey is sweet and so are you."

Along about this period of his existence his father thought it was proper for his son to learn to wear shoes. So he purchased a pair of brogans, called in two or three of the neighbors, and succeeded in adjusting them to the pedal extremities of his promising son. This was too great a stride for the young man—he stood for twenty-four hours without food or drink, looking hopelessly down at his newly clad feet, thinking he was tied.

After he had become accustomed to shoes, a few more artistic touches were added; then as he had finished the eighth grade he was packed off to the neighboring town to enter the High School. Not taking into consideration the many, many times he was the star of his classes, nor of the glowing accounts he gave Minnie, nor of his frequent visits to the picture shows, the four years passed, uneventful, and Commencement was at hand.

Both father and mother could not leave home at one time, as some one must look after the house; but it was finally decided that father should go to see their precious offspring in all his glory. Father was a bit disappointed in the so-called commencement exercises, but when the professor of physics came forth and delivered a grand oration on modern improvements and conveniences, he decided there and then that his son must be a teacher, and some day those same walls would echo to the great gusts of his oratory.

Father sold the tobacco he had raised, in spite of the drouth, for \$114.03, to which he added \$90.00 he got for the roan colt, which sum was further increased by the sale of

fourteen pigs, three calves, some chickens and ducks. So by these means he accumulated enough money to start his son in school. He inquired of the professor who had been his inspiration, where he had best send his son. To the W. K. S. N. S., of course, he said. Now, the father had heard of this school, and knew that tuition was free, so in a very lamentable way he wished he had not sold the roan colt; but the professor, who had been to this school, told him he had better deposit all of the money, as his son would have to go through the motion of eating three times a day.

That was settled, and it was decided he should go to Bowling Green in September. Many were the fond words and promises made to Minnie, many were the tears shed by his mother as she watched him down the lane seated by his father in the spring wagon, which contained his trunk together with a few things for market in the great city forty miles away, where he was to take the train. Here we lose sight of him, but either by the watchful eye of Providence or by the mere decrees of fate, he arrived at the Dean's office some days later for matriculation.

It was noticed by some of the "Kit-Kats" that at this time he showed marks about the eyes and temples indicating that it had been necessary to blindfold him in order to back him on the train.

However, he was sufficiently wise that he had not been in school long before he noticed a difference among the students. He could not tell what it was, it seemed to be indefinable, yet there. It could be told in the class rooms, at chapel, even in their very steps as they walked from one building to another. This puzzled him sorely, as well as the word society, which he often heard, especially on Friday afternoons.

- At first he was very lonely and homesick, but every once in a while and, sometimes twice in a while, a little square enveloped letter came from Minnie; all of which were read and re-read and answered promptly. All the while her dainty photo graced the inside of his watch. Had it not

been for this his loneliness must surely have overcome him.

Ere long the ways of the school were no longer new to him; but he longed to be more enthusiastic, to have more of what he heard called the Normal spirit, and as he knew by this time what was meant by society, he decided to join one, and thought perhaps that might help him. As he was a High School graduate, the Dean told him to affiliate with the "Juniors."

He soon fell well into the ways of the "Juniors." He became more self-confident and was often heard to boast about trivial matters.

Christmas came on, and he went home to spend the holidays, feeling very important. They were all glad to see him. Minnie was delighted with his improved appearance, but not so pleased with him. He seemed to have forgotten the path he so often trod in days gone by, and occasionally the mild hint was given that he was completing his education. At last Minnie felt the stings of neglect, and buried her sorrow in love for another country swain and so passed out of his life forever.

While at home, one of his favorite resorts was the country store. Here, sitting on a goods-box, his great learning asserted itself.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The holidays being over, he took up his work again, sometimes feeling that there was something, somewhere, that he had missed. Aside from these frequent worries, he kept the true "Junior spirit" throughout, and entered his Senior year feeling that no obstacle stood between him and success.

While a "Senior," he was sent as a Normal representative to a certain county institute. Arriving at the small country town late one afternoon he drove to the one hotel, and throwing his lines to a small boy standing near, said: "Here, boy, extirpate this quadruped from the vehicle and stabulate him

and donate unto him nutritious elements and ere aurora again gilds the eastern horizon, I'll reward thee with a pecuniary compensation commensurate with your amiable hospitality." On the third day of this particular institute he made himself famous by a learned discourse on bacteria, in which he said one germ, only one billionth of an inch in diameter, after having been magnified several times, had been known in many instances to cause inter-systemic disturbance of the osmotic equilibrium, which is pathognomonic of haemophatosis of the haeterminterry. And there should be applied at once a cholecystodnodenostomy, this never failed to give relief unless tissue retrograde metamorphosis manifested itself.

When he took up work again he noticed that before-mentioned difference creeping in among the busy "Seniors." Even some who had traveled for a year the same road with him, seemed to have undergone a complete transformation. Yet it did not seem entirely new to them. Somewhere in the past they must have known it, and association and environment caused them to forget. He pondered long over this, and sought in vain for some clue which would make him understand.

One night when the whole house had grown quiet, the clock ticked loud and quick, the hour hand pointed straight to twelve, he leaned back in his chair and drew a deep breath of relief. He had just finished his final theme. There came over him such a feeling of restfulness and contentment as he had never experienced. He was in a twinkling one of those who was different. His enthusiasm and loyalty knew no bounds; he was no longer over-confident nor boastful, his steps grew light, and he walked from place to place as if there were a fire. Even in athletics in all contest games of any kind, if he were defeated he never became sour; if he were victorious he never became puffed up.

He knew this difference had caused him to realize that he was a man with a task and a vision. He resolved to put the ego and selfishness out of his life and work as he had never

worked. But, alas! he had only slept and dreamed that he had been a "Kit-Kat."

—oOo—

SEEN BY THE CAMP FIRE.

Friday evening, December 12, was a joyous one for the Kit-Kats. With light hearts they followed their leader, Miss Reid, down the hill, over stones and through bushes, to an open space in the woods near a rock cliff, back of Normal Heights. The boys had provided an ample supply of cedar for a cheerful camp-fire, and here the gay party was to spend the evening in mirth and jollity.

When each one had securely hidden the package containing something that he did not want, which he had been requested to bring, the noisy merriment began and increased as the flames of the crackling fire rose higher and higher. After a few games were played, the group seated themselves in a large circle about the fire and passed the mysterious packages around the ring. When the whistle was blown, each one opened the parcel he held, and was satisfied with its contents as a souvenir, be it a worn-out pair of tennis shoes or a box of candy.

The bountiful supper, consisting of bacon, bread, sandwiches, marshmallows, pickles, potatoes, cake, candy and peanuts, was enjoyed by all. It afforded pleasure not only in the eating, but also in the roasting of potatoes in the ashes, and the meat and marshmallows on long, sharpened sticks over the fire.

As each one stood cooking his supper and gazing thoughtfully into the red embers, there came over all a sympathetic feeling for the poor, diligent Juniors and Seniors, who were at that time struggling for vitality enough to keep awake while some Demosthenes or Plato was orating on "Woman Suffrage" or "The Latest Paris Fashions."

However, this thought did not long occupy the minds of the Kit-Kats; for soon all attention was absorbed in that interesting game, "Ruth and Jacob." In the glittering fire-

light it was amusing to watch the blindfolded Ruth or Jacob call for and pursue his or her companion. "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow" was mentioned, and at once the Ruths and Jacobs found themselves skipping around the ring by the magical power of this tune.

When the games were ended and they were again seated around the fire, each voice joined in singing those beautiful songs, dear to the heart of every Kentuckian, "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River," "Home, Sweet Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home," being sung; after which Mr. Fitzhugh proposed a toast by Mr. Matthews. Simultaneously the crowd voted that the toast be given by Mr. Fitzhugh, and he, with his willingness of spirit, readily responded. Rising with great dignity, he gave a toast to the Kit-Kat Klub and to their noble leader, Miss Reid, whose "light shines as the sun and cannot be hidden; and whose leading spirit will ever guide us on to success and victory." A hearty applause followed.

A call for a toast from Miss Reid was answered by her rising and saying that it was with regret that she must say that the hour had so soon arrived when they must leave their pleasant camp-fire and "follow her light" home. Immediately she started up the path to Normal Heights, and with one accord the merry-makers arose and began to sing "Where She Leads Me, I Will Follow."

—oOo—

How Like Unto Men are Fish

(SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT CHERRY'S "FISH STORY.")

Darwin's theory of evolution may not be true, but that the fish of the sea have characteristics that most forcibly remind us of the characteristics of some men in our own world of commerce, is not to be doubted. Picture in your mind, if you will, our Southern gulf filled, as it is, with numberless species of life, many of which feed upon live animal

forms and often upon members of their class. Look into our commercial world, and there you will find many men who live parasitic lives—men who persist in taking more than rightly belongs to them.

Let me ask that you observe the hogfish as he goes silently and slowly about, gathering his food in fragments, taking from this school a crab, from the next one a crab, never devouring a whole school, but slowly robbing all. Look at the banker as he quietly sits at his desk, cheering his victims with a pleasant greeting, smilingly demanding and receiving a few usury dollars from each. Never does he exact all his victim's possession, but by securing so many small amounts he manages to accumulate a fortune in the end.

Or, I would ask that you notice the small grouper as he moves amid the marshes seeking the crawfish and the conch, seldom, if ever, alarmed and yet continually seeking new prey. As he becomes stronger he darts out of the marshes into the deep. His uninterrupted pilfering increases his confidence until he attacks and devours larger prey, and thus grows to be a huge monster. Does not the merchant possess traits similar to these? Watch him as he proceeds. While agreeably entertaining his customers with jokes, he measures potatoes for them with a false measure or else conceals the true weight of a package of coffee. As he accumulates more he becomes bolder. After driving out competition he demands and receives exorbitant prices and finally his power becomes so great that he is no longer content to be a simple merchant, but he must reach forth and become a wrecker of democracy,—a monopolist.

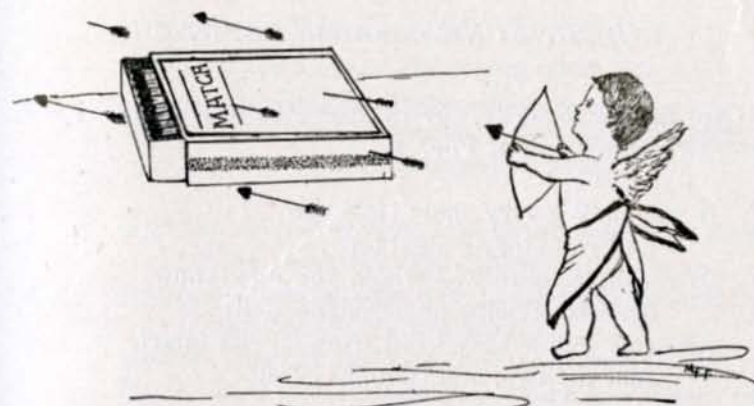
Or again, behold the bloodthirsty shark as he plows beneath the boundless waves, asking no favors and granting none. His only desire is to be able to crush his fellow-creature. He attacks and devours those weaker than himself and then being not satisfied, he meets those of his own class and engages in a mighty struggle for life,—a struggle which terminates in a victory for the stronger and more brutish. Behold a modern capitalist as he grinds through the world

of commerce, making no requests and granting no favors. To-day he reaches forth and crushes a smaller interest, wrecking a hundred homes. To-morrow he crushes another and thus he prospers. Finally, he dares to cope with his own equal. In the brutish conflict that follows, there can be but one result, a victory for the one who resorts to the most evil schemes and corrupt methods.

We might proceed further with these comparisons, but why? Why have this many instances been cited? Is it simply to paint a dark picture? No.

The fish of the sea are essential to our animal life. They have an important place in our great universe. It would not be well for us to dispose of our men of commerce. They fill a necessary requirement in our national life. But as evil creeps into the lives of the fish of the sea, so it creeps into the lives of many of our men of commerce.

As we are free to be proud of the fisherman who goes out upon the waters and there catches and controls the mighty fish, so let us be ever ready to do honor to the man who enters the cage of the giant of commerce and there bring this terrible monster to terms.



MATCHES AND MISSES.

Miss Pace and Mr. Moore.
Miss Lyda May Lewis and Mr. Compton.
Miss Carrie Pennebaker and Mr. Walker.
Miss Herman and Mr. Snyder.
Miss Mary Barry and Mr. Nicholas Hutson.
Miss Heber Lewis and Mr. Ivan Wilson.
Miss Burks and Mr. Farris.
Miss Edna Ford and Mr. Shemwell.
Miss Mary Edmunds and Mr. H. E. White.
Miss Mollie Stinson and Mr. D. Y. Dunn.
Miss Hawthorne and Mr. Evans.
Miss Mabel Tubb and Mr. Park.
Miss Ruby Cole and Mr. Dick Moorman.
Miss Clements and Mr. Chester Shaw.
Miss Harriet Bryant and Mr. Tartar.
Miss Callie Reid and Mr. Payton.
Miss Manning and Mr. Pusey.

AND THE JUNIORS CAME BETWEEN.

(Not daring to write, "With apologies to Kipling," I say,
"Here's to the ashes of Poe.")

It was only a very short time ago
(A brief story I shall tell),
Of a couple there was whom you may know
As Miss Phelps and Charlie Bell;
And this couple they lived from all else apart,
Just the two, and changes befell.

He is a Senior and she a Kit-Kat,
In this Normal on the hill,
Found chapel and class-room with a friend brighter;
Sands in the hour-glass fill,
So quite slow, but yet sure, the arrow of Dan
Bound their wandering will.

In bliss for a season, this couple true,
In this W. K. S. N. School,
Away went out of the crowd, dreaming
So peacefully of Love's sweet rule;
Then the great Seniors, "Noble class,"
Were sent out the world to fool;
So Charles went down to Brush Grove District,
Near the greenwood by the pool.

The Juniors, not half so perfect in class-work,
Had envied her and him;
Yes! that was the reason (as all Sohps know,
In this Normal all so trim)
That the twain were separated at last,
Tearing and parting the silken threads slim.

But their love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were taller than they,

Of those who were lower than they;
And ever the notes of the cooing dove,
As the sunlight steals softly in May,
Bring back sweet memories of happiness known,
Ere the Juniors it banished away.

And the vales ever ring, and the streams ever sing,
Of the beautiful little Milbry;
And the winds whisper low, as they pass to and fro,
Of the beautiful little Milbry;
And so, through the long day, as he teaches away,
He can hear her—and see her—turn now where he may,
And he dreams of her—his dear Milbry;
And he mourns for her—his lost Milbry.

—oOo—

TRAINING SCHOOL NEWS.

The practice class of students who have been teaching in the Training School have been doing good work. The class is composed of Edgar Sanders, George Page, Clara Moorman, Harlette Bryant, Alta Barnhill, Maude Chambers, J. W. Compton, Ruth Eubank, Letitia Hocker, Carrie Pennebaker, Bert Smith and W. L. Matthews.

The Christmas entertainment was given this year in the Auditorium. The following program was given:

Musical Number Training School Orchestra
Christmas Hymns Training School Chorus
"Silent Night."

"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."

(The following pictures were shown with the stereopticon and the Bible account of the birth and childhood of Christ was given by the children):

1. The Christmas Chimes. (Blashfield.) Luke 8: 8-24.
Grade I.
2. The Nativity. (Correggio.) Luke 2: 8-16.
Grade II.

3. Arrival of the Shepherds. (La Rolle.) Luke 2: 15-16.
Grade III.
 4. Madonna. (Piglhein.) Luke 1: 31.
Madonna Granduca. (Raphael.) Luke 3: 32.
Madonna. (Sichel.) Luke 2: 40.
Grade IV.
 5. Christ and the Doctors. (Hoffman.) Luke 2: 41-52.
Detail. Luke 2: 51-52.
Grade V.
 6. St. Anthony and the Christ Child. (Murillo.)
Grade VI.
 7. Madonna of the Choir. (Raphael.)
Grade VII.
 8. Sistine Madonna. (Raphael.)
Detail.
Grade VIII.
 9. Christ and the Children. (Plockhorst.)
 10. Head of Christ. (Hoffman.)
- Christmas Hymn.....Training School Chorus
"Joy to the World."

After the exercises in the Auditorium the school marched to the Training School Chapel, where the annual Christmas tree had been placed and decorated, and sang "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly." The offering of toys, games, books, etc., this year were sent to the pupils of Pine Mountain School, Ky.

Wells Covington, Lucie McCormack and Ellen Williams, from the Training School, took part in the Christmas program prepared and presented by Miss Scott.

The Orchestra of the Training School made its initial bow to a most appreciative audience at the Christmas entertainment. It is composed of Margaret Carson, Grace Kennedy, Annie Pence, Ray Searcy, Jack Bowsman, William Potter, Harlin Ashby and Virginia. Miss Surmann, of the School

of Music, has trained this little group of musicians admirably.

Miss Belle Caffee, who has been touring Europe for the past six months, returned January 26th.

Mrs. Joe Roemer, who has been substituting for Miss Procter, Third Grade, went to join her husband at the State University on January 19. Next year they plan studying at Columbia University, New York City.

Cards received recently announce the marriage on December 23 of Miss Flora Stallard to Mr. John Breckinridge Thomas, of Maud, Ky.

The following teachers went to their several homes for Christmas: Miss Nell Moorman, Miss Laura McKenzie, Miss Aletha Graves, Miss Ella Jeffries.

Miss Lucie Holeman spent Christmas in St. Louis, Mo.

The pupils of the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth grades, under Miss Scott's direction, dressed forty-eight dolls, which they sent to the Pine Mountain School.

—oOo—
DRAWING 3.

Some of the noblest and the most beautiful inspirations come from paintings. In order to appreciate a work of art we must love and understand it. No one doubts that we should study the lives and deeds of Washington and Lincoln, or of Milton and Shakespeare, or of Mendelssohn and Bach, but yet when we speak of Michael Angelo and Raphael, very few people know anything definite of them. Our State is beginning to awaken to the need of art—the need of the beautiful—and as a means to a great end Drawing 3 has

been established in our school. Drawing 3 is intensely interesting, but best of all, it gives a knowledge of the lives of the greatest painters and their works. Every student should take this (although it isn't required), that he may not only enjoy the paintings, but may instill into the lives of his pupils a love for art—a love for beauty.

—oOo—

BOOK REVIEWS FOR FEBRUARY.

Calfee's Rural Arithmetic. By John E. Calfee, Professor of Mathematics in the Normal Department, Berea College, Berea, Ky. 12mo, cloth, 119 pages, illustrated; price, 30 cents. Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

This problem and exercise book makes arithmetic a live subject for the rural boy or girl by applying arithmetic to the solution of problems familiar to the farm. It touches important phases of farm management and gives information that can be used to increase farm profits. A splendid little book for review work with classes that have completed the required work in the seventh and eighth grades.

Allen's Industrial Studies: Europe. By Nellie B. Allen, Head of the Department of Geography, State Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass. 12mo, cloth, XIV plus 409 pages, illustrated. price, 80 cents. Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Teachers who have used Miss Allen's "Industrial Studies: United States," will welcome this new volume a san invaluable aid in supplementing geography work. It is written along the same lines as the earlier volume, and furnishes children from the fifth grade up with a knowledge of the life of European nations. It helps the child to see in imagination the lofty mountains, the clustering villages, the broad plains, the crowded cities, the busy seaports, the vineyards, the shipyards, the olive orchards, the flax fields, the castles and palaces, and the toiling peasants which make Europe.

Spasmodic Spasms of Relaxation

Prof. Clagett (to a little boy playing marbles on the side of the road): "Little man, do you know what happens to a boy who uses bad language while playing marbles?"

Little Boy (looking up at the Professor with a sparkle in his eye): "I think I do. He grows up and makes a golf player."

Prof. Leiper (to Miss Bryant in one of his classes): "You know your lesson well to-day."

Miss Bryant (looking very much astonished): "Yes, Mr. Leiper, why shouldn't I?"

Mr. Leiper: "Well, let it pass this time, but it looks as if you were neglecting your basketball practice."

Prof. Turner (in conversation with Mr. Byrn recently): "I blame the Normal School for most of my troubles."

Mr. Byrn: "How's that?"

Prof. Turner: "If I had not been a member of its faculty I don't think my wife would have consented to be mine."

Miss Edmunds: "Why are the Junior basketball girls so fond of Mr. Magness?"

Miss Ford: "He gives us a cake of chewing gum every time we practice."

New Student: "Why does the dean grin all the time?"

Miss Davis: "Oh, he is just looking pleasant."

W. L. Matthews: "What game do jokes remind you of?"

J. W. Compton: "Tennis, when the game is all your way. You get to do all the knocking."

W. L. Matthews: "That's pretty good; but I was thinking of 'Cross questions and silly answers.'"

Mr. Sheffer (to Mr. Sweeney): "What are you doing here in my room?"

Mr. Sweeney: "I've lost my soap. I lost my cake of soap last year, too. If you find it I wish you'd put it through the key-hole into my room."

Miss Duke: "Can you keep a secret?"

Miss McCluskey: "Yes; but I always have the misfortune of telling some one who can't."

Miss Pruden: "Harriette, do you play that in parts?"

Harriette: "Yes."

Miss Pruden: "Please leave my part out, then."

Heard in Room J.

Mr. Guerin: "'Cursor Mundi,' the curse of man."

Miss Herman: "'Bot in his on hande he had a holyn Bobbe,' but in his hand he had a holy Bible."

Mr. Chester: "'I schal baythen thy bone,' I shall bathe thy bones."

Miss Tubb: "'Ay en the roches halowe,' ay, even the roaches yelled."

Miss Farnsworth: "'And of his part as meek as is a mayde,' and if his part as meek as is a May day."

Miss Neville: "'Ful sooty was hir bour,' full sooty was her hair."

Miss Oliver: "'A large man he was with eyen stepe,' a large man he was with even steps."

The Right Place.

After Mr. Rudy H. Matthews had completed Drawing 2 and had gathered a collection of his paintings, during the term, he asked Miss Van Houten to suggest some institution to which to give them.

Promptly came the answer: "An institution for the blind."

Mr. Snyder: "Say, George, lend me your mug, to shave."

Mr. Page: "Naw! Go on—shave your own mug."

Isom Mitchell (picking up Caesar): "Oh, shucks! Latin is easy. Glad I am taking it."

"'Forte dux in aro,' forty ducks in a row."

"'Passus sum jam,' pass us some jam."

"'Boni legis Caesaris,' bony legs of Caesar."

"'Caesar sic dicat undecur egressi lictum,' Caesar sicked the cat on the cur and I guess he licked him."

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